*Brab.* Why, wherefore aske you this?

*Iag.* Zounds sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandsire of you, arise I say.

*Brab.* What, haue you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce?

*Bra.* Not I, what are you?

*Rod.* My name is *Roderigo.*

*Bra.* The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir.

*Bra.* But thou must needes be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience good sir.

*Bra.* What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My house is not a graunge.

*Rod.* Most graue *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

*Iag.* Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if the Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke we are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horse; youle haue your Nephewes ney to you; youle haue Coursers for Cousens, and Iennits for *Iermans.*

*Bra.* What prophane wretch art thou?

*Iag.* I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villaine.

*Iag.* You are a Senator.

*Bra.*



*Bra.* This thou shalt answer, I know thee *Roderigo.*

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing: But I beseech you,
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the state,
For this delusion.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.

*Iag.* Farewell, for I must leaue you,
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my pate,
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know the state,
How euer this may gaule him with some checke,
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee's imbark'd,
With such loud reason, to the Cipres warres,
Which euen now stands in act, that for their soules,
Another of his fathome, they haue not
To leade their businesse, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of loue,
Which is indeed but signe, that you shall surely
Finde him: lead to the Sagittar, the raised search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

*Exit.*

*Enter* Barbantio *in his night gowne, and seruants with Torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an euill, gone she is,
And what's to come, of my despised time,
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her; O vnhappy girle,
With the Moore saist thou? who would be a father?
How didst thou know twas she? O thou deceiuest me
Past thought: what said she to you? get more tapers,